

How easie dost thou take all England vp,
From forth this morcell of dead Royaltie?
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme
Is fled to heauen: and England now is left
To tug and scamble, and to part by th' teeth
The vn-owed interest of proud swelling State:
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Maiesty,
Dorch dogged warre bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now Powers from home, and discontents at home
Meet in one line: and vast confusion waites
As doth a Raven on a sicke-falne beaft,
The imminent decay of wrested pompe.
Now happy he, whose cloake and center can
Hold out this tempest. Beare away that childe,
And follow me with speed: Ile to the Kings
A thousand busineses are briefe in hand,
And heauen it selfe doth frowne vpon the Land. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus, Scena prima.

Enter King John and Pandolph, attendants.

K. John. Thus haue I yeelded vp into your hand
The Circle of my glory.

Pan. Take againe

From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your Soueraigne greatnesse and authoritie.

John. Now keep your holy word, go meet the French,
And from his holinesse vse all your power
To stop their marches: fore we are enflam'd:
Our discontented Countie doe reuolt:
Our people quarrell with obedience,
Swearing Allegiance, and the loue of soule
To stranger-bloud, to forren Royaltie;
This inundation of mistempred humor,
Rests by you onely to be qualified.
Then pause not: for the present time's so sicke,
That present medicine must be ministred,
Or ouerthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this Tempest vp,
Vpon your stubborne vface of the Pope:
But since you are a gentle conuerter,
My tongue shall hush againe this storme of warre,
And make faire weather in your blustering land:
On this Ascension day, remember well,
Vpon your oath of seruice to the Pope,
Goe I to make the French lay downe their Armes. *Exit.*

John. Is this Ascension day: did not the Prophet
Say, that before Ascension day at noone,
My Crowne I should giue off? euen so I haue:
I did suppose it should be on constraint,
But (heau'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yeelded: nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle: London hath receiu'd
Like a kinde Host, the Dolphin and his powers.
Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gone
To offer seruice to your enemy:
And wilde amazement hurries vp and downe
The little number of your doubtfull friends.

John. Would not my Lords returne to me againe
After they heard yong Arthur was aliue?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
An empty Casket, where the Iewell of life
By some damn'd hand was rob'd, and tane away.

John. That villaine Hubert told me he did lue.

Bast. So on my soule he did, for ought he knew:
But wherefore doe you droope? why looke you sad?
Be great in act, as you haue beene in thought:
Let not the world see feare and sad distrust
Gouerne the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time, be fire with fire,
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: So shall inferior eyes
That borrow their behauiours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntlesse spirit of resolution.

Away, and glister like the god of warre
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldnesse and aspiring confidence:
What shall they seeke the Lion in his denne,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh let it not be said: forrage, and runne
To meet displeasure farther from the dores,
And grapple with him ere he come so nye.

John. The Legat of the Pope hath beene with mee,
And I haue made a happy peace with him,
And he hath promis'd to dismisst the Powers
Led by the Dolphin.

Bast. Oh inglorious league:
Shall we vpon the footing of our land,
Send fayre-play-orders, and make comprimise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce
To Armes Inuasiue? Shall a bearded boy,
A cockred-silken wanton braue our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warre-like soyle,
Mocking the ayre with colours idly spred,
And finde no checke? Let vs my Liege to Armes:
Perchance the Cardinall cannot make your peace;
Or if he doe, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

John. Haue thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away then with good courage: yet I know
Our Partie may well meet a powder foe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter (in Armes) Dolphin, Salisbury, Meluone, Pembroke, Bigot, Soldiers.

Dol. My Lord Meluone, let this be coppied out,
And keepe it safe for our remembrance:
Returne the president to these Lords againe,
That hauing our faire order written downe,
Both they and we, perusing ore these notes
May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament,
And keepe our faithes firme and inuolable.

Sal. Vpon our sides it neuer shall be broken,
And Noble Dolphin, albeit we sweare
A voluntary zeale, and an vn-urg'd Faith
To your proceedings: yet beleue me Prince,
I am not glad that such a fore of Time
Should seeke a plaster by contem'd reuolt,
And heale the inueterate Cancker of one wound,

By making many: Oh it grieues my soule,
That I must draw this mettle from my side
To be a widdow-maker: oh, and there
Where honourable rescue, and defence
Cries out vpon the name of Salisbury.
But such is the infection of the time,
That for the health and Physicke of our right,
We cannot deale but with the very hand
Of sterne Iniustice, and confus'd wrong:
And is't not pittie, (oh my griued friends)
That we, the sonnes and children of this Isle,
Was borne to see so sad an houre as this,
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Vpon her gentle bosom, and fill vp
Her Enemies ranks? I must withdraw, and weepe
Vpon the spot of this enforced cause,
To grace the Gentry of a Land remote,
And follow vnacquainted colours heere:
What heere? O Nation that thou couldst remoue,
That Neptune's Armes who clippeth thee about,
Would beare thee from the knowledge of thy selfe,
And cripple thee vnto a Pagan shore,
Where these two Christian Armies might combine
The bloud of malice, in a vaine of league,
And not to spend it so vn-neighbourly.

Dolph. A noble temper dost thou shew in this,
And great affections wrassling in thy bosome
Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility:
Oh, what a noble combat hast fought
Between compulsion, and a braue respect:
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That siluerly doth progresse on thy cheekes:
My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares,
Being an ordinary Inundation:
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This showre, blowne vp by tempest of the soule,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Then had I seene the vaultie top of heauen
Figur'd quite ore with burning Meteors,
Lift vp thy brow (renowned Salisbury)
And with a great heart heaue away this storme:
Commend these waters to those baby-eyes
That neuer saw the giant-world enrag'd,
Nor met with Fortune, other then at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping:
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deepe
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himselfe: so (Nobles) shall you all,
That knit your sinewes to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandolph.

And euen there, methinkes an Angell spake,
Looke where the holy Legate comes apace,
To giue vs warrant from the hand of heauen,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Haile noble Prince of France:
The next is this: King John hath reconcil'd
Himselfe to Rome, his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy Church,
The great Metropolis and Sea of Rome:
Therefore thy threatening Colours now winde vp,
And tame the sauge spirit of wilde warre,
That like a Lion fostered vp at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmefull then in shewe.

Dol. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not backe:

I am too high-
To be a second
Or vsfull seru
To any Souera
Your breath fin
Betweene this
And brought in
And now 'tis fa
With that same
You taught me
Acquainted me
Yea, thrust this
And come ye n
His peace with
I (by the hono
After yong Ar
And now it is h
Because that Jo
Am I Rome's fla
What men prop
To vnder-prop
That vnder-go
And such as to
Sweat in this b
Haue I not hea
Vine le Roy, as
Haue I not hee
To winne this c
And shall I now
No, no, on my
Pand. You'l
Dol. Out-fi
Till my attemp
As to my ample
Before I drew o
And cull'd these
To out-looke C
Euen in the jaw
What lusty Tru

Bast. Accor
Let me haue au
My holy Lord
I come to learn
And, as you an
And warrant li

Pand. The
And will not te
He flatly saies,
Bast. By all

The youth saies
For thus his R
He is prepar'd,
This apish and
This harness'd
This vn-heard
The King doth
To whip this d
From out the c
That hand whi
To cudgell you
To diue like B
To crowch in
To lye like pay
To hug with s
In vaults and p